BARIUM MESSENGER

Published By Presbyterian Orphans' Home For The Information Of It's Friends

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Lees

LEES, June 23—Here we come asking for a litte space in the Messenger to tell our friends, very briefly, what is happening at Lees Cottage.

Just think, it isn't a dream any more, but a reality that school is out. How we boys are enjoying the big outdoors these summer days.

Most of us are busy on the truck farm and farm now, and this keeps us physically strong and fit. Some of are well sun-tanned, but we are proud of it. And the fresh vegetables and peaches are coming in now, and O boy! how we are enjoying them.

Since we wrote to the Messenger two of our boys went home on their vacation; we miss them. We also have two new boys added to our big family.

The swimming pool is great, and every boy in Lees Cottage can swim. Some of them are good divers. Sometimes we have swimming races. This is lots of fun.

We haven't any sick boys now, we are glad to say.

Had a movie at the school auditorium last Friday night. We all enjoy seeing the movies and look forward to them.

We have a nice new spring and a place for picnics which we enjoy very much. It is located in a pretty place, among the tall trees.

Our flowers are growing nicely around the cottage now, and we are proud of them.

Guess this is all the news for this time so—

So long everybody!

——P. O. H.——

GOING TO CHURCH.

I find two sets of values in going to church.

1. You gain God's presence in a special way. He is with you before you come and comes with each one. It makes you more reverent. You get the advantage of social worship, which is impossible when you are alone.

2. You will get many exalted and exalting truths from the Scriptures and from those who expound them.

3. You enrich yourself through contact with good people, gaining their friendship and their active support in every noble thought and enterprise you cherish.

The other set of values is what you bestow. That it is the greatest value of the two.

1. Your dependable attendance tends to stabilize the services. You energize and encourage others.

2. You find special opportunities to cheer others. Grasp that chance eagerly.

3. You add to the power of the pastor in his preaching. Many pastors break under the awful depression of preaching to empty benches. Your absence strikes him a heavy blow. Your uncertainty gives you a poor rating with him. You give him a poor rating to strangers who may drop in and they are apt to accept your rating of him and not come again.

4. You give your church a higher rating and a greater power with the community for Christ.

"I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord'."

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."—Ex.

— P. O. H. —

Howard

Howard Cottage, June 23—We went to see Miss Woods not long ago. We all enjoyed seeing her. We did not mean to but we broke down her cherry tree. Guess she was sorry we came. Four of our girls went to the birthday dinner this month. They were Mildred Eudy, Alice Jones, Eva Mae Benfield and Bertha McKee. They all reported a good dinner as usual.

Some of our girls have gone on their vacation and others are looking forward to the day they are going. We were all sorry our gasoline station burned down and that two of our boys were burned. We hope that they will soon be well again.

Well, we will have to say goodbye as we have no more news for this month. We will try to write more next month.

— P. O. H. —

Would I not rather be consumed by ambitions that can never be realized than live in stupid acceptance of my neighbors opinion of me?

"THE SPOTLIGHT"

So far as the writer knows the only Orphanage that puts out a real Annual is Barium Springs, N. C. It looks like a college Publication with all that goes to make up a college annual. It features in a splendid way the life and various activites of the Institution.

The impression made will be that this is a mighty happy, wholesome place in which to be brought up.

Thornwell has never felt like undertaking anything quite so pretentious as an Annual.

The Barium Springs crowd are to be congratulated on this splendid work.—Thornwell Orphanage Monthly.

——P. O. H.——

Rumple Hall

Rumple Hall June 23rd—How's things down your way? We have been having some real hot weather and a few storms but we are all still able to enjoy life.

Even tho' we have to work a little we still find time for our "recreation hour" which is between eleven and twelve o'clock (in A.M.) And we go in swimming between three-thirty and five o'clock (in P.M.).

We have all joined the "Bible Club" which Mr. Brown organized for us and all are enjoying it.

Some Ladies from Providence, and Miss Marshall's sister-in-law, came to visit us Saturday and we enjoyed their company and hope they come again.

We have been having lots of peaches and wish to thank Mr. Thomas and "the truck farm boys" for them. (Some of us have had few a green apples too, ha! ha!).

Guess we will have to "hang up" on this line. —"The Fly Swatter's".

——P. O. H.——

WHEAT HARVEST

Barium's wheat harvest is exceptionally fine this year and by the time this issue reaches you wheat threshing will be finished. The acreage planted this year was about sixty acres, and from all indications, will yield about thirty-five bushels to the acre.

One day at a time. But a single day
What'er its load, what'er its length;
And there's a bit of precious scripture to say,
That according to each shall be our strength.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Better Times Come After Depression

We are indebted to Rockwell Smith , a real estate man of Van-Nuys, California, for the collection of certain facts about financial depression in the past, which should be valuable in predicting the futnre. Mr. Smith went thru a file of newspapers back to the 1850's and finds these facts:

There was a business depression in 1857 lasting twelve months.

There was a business depression in 1869 lasting eight months.

There was a business depression in 1873 lasting thirty months.

There was a business depression in 1884 lasting twenty-two months.

There was a business depression in 1887 lasting ten months.

There was a business depression in 1893 lasting twenty-five months.

There was a business depression in 1903 lasting twenty-five months.

There was a business depression in 1907 lasting twelve months.

There was a business depression in 1914 lasting eight months.

There was a business depression in 1921 lasting fourtheen months.

The important thing about these past panics, however, is that every one of them has been followed by flush times, and the longer the depression lasted, the longer and more active the "boom."

The present depression has now lasted nearly twenty months. We can hardly say that the "boom" which will surely follow it has begun, but it is clearly on its way. And when it comes!—oh, boy!.—Fuquay Springs Courier Journal

——P. O. H.——

FIRE AT BARIUM

Barum experienced a small conflagation here last week when a garage building was demolished, and one of the home trucks was ruined by the fire. Just what caused the fire could not be ascertained other than from a back-fire of the truck motor.

TABLE OF JUNE RECEIPTS

PRESBYTERY	JUNE RECEIPTS	Amount per Member	Total Amt. per Member for Year	Amount due per Member	Amount Behind	Per Member
Winston-Salem	$198.64	5¾c	23¾c	37½c	13¾c	behind
Albemarle	$196.23	5c	13¼c	37½c	24¼c	behind
Concord	$368.90	3¼c	9c	37½c	28½c	behind
Kings Mountain	$149.46	3c	7¾c	37½c	29¾c	behind
Orange	$140.06	1¼c	7c	37½c	30½c	behind
Granville	$ 98.25	2c	7c	37½c	30½c	behind
Wilmington	$128.77	1¾c	5½c	37½c	32c	behind
Mecklenburg	$143.06	1c	5¼c	37½c	32¼c	behind
Fayetteville	$172.94	1½c	4¾c	37½c	32¾c	behind
TOTAL,	$1,596.41	2.1c	7.5c	37.5c	30c	behind

We are publishing our Table of Receipts this month with a great deal of regrets. We know that people want to read only pleasant news when the weather is hot. The hotter the weather, the more the desire for only pleasant things to come to aur attention.

As this is written, the weather is extremely hot, and the news contained in this Table of Receipts is unusually bad.

The first three months of this church year have run something less than one-half the receipts for the corresponding time last year.

At the present time, the entire Synod has contributed less than one-third of the amount necessary to maintain the Orphanage during these three months. Just seven and a half cents of the thirty-seven and a half cents per member that is due at this time.

We are not going to quarrel with our friends or raise any great hullabaloo at this time, other than just to say this: that we do not dare take on further obligations until our revenue does pick up.

We have any number of applications on file pending investigation. Some have already been investigated. We will just have to wait until our revenue picks up before definitely committing ourselves to the care of more children.

This sounds mighty hard, and we hope that this policy will not have to continue over thirty days.

——P. O. H.——

Mr. And Mrs. Brown Attend Mc Lanchlin Funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brown and family went to Raeford on Wednesday, the 24th. following the death of Mr. A. D. McLauchlin, uncle of Mrs Brown's, which occurred there at that time.

Mr. McLauchlin had been seriously ill for several days. News of his death came as a shock to Barium, as he is happily remembered by all, he having visited Barium at numerious times.

——P. O. H.——

Chinese Patient (over telephone): "Doc, what time you fixee teeth for me?"

Doctor: "Two-thirty, all right?"

Chinese Patient: "Yess, tooth hurty me all light, but what time you want me to come?"

Rastus: "Here am a telegram from de boss in Africa. He says he is sending us some lions' tails."

Circus Owner: "Lions' tails! What are you talking about?"

Rastus: "Well, it says 'just captured two lions. Sending details by mail'."

WE VIEW WITH ALARM

Along about Commencement time we point with pride to so many things that that armgets tired; so we are letting it drop and are letting our eyes view with alarm certain things that we think ought to be called to the attention of our friends over the State.

Of coures hard times brings with it a number of complications, and these complications make life a little more strenous for us. There is one complication, however, that might hurt seriously and we want to warn our friends about this thing.

We realize that salesman have been hunting hitherto unexplored outlets for the object of their salesmanship, and have been increasing the pressure to make sales. Sometimes the man may have a set of books to sell, and his line of talk or her line of talk may be so good that they can just talk a person in to buying two sets,—almost, and oftentimes this salesman will mention to some more or less able person, "Don't you think it would be a wonderful thing to send a gift of these books to the Orphanage" and the first thing you know, here comes the copy or set, as the case may be, of some more or less valuable books that we may or may not already have a set of, and we have to get very busy and get very grateful to the person who has made this gift when we would so much rather have had the money that went into that gift, to use for something that we really need.

You know there is one time in the year when people are expected to give foolish gifts and that's Christmas. We all get kinder "gift-drunk" on that occasion and give things that just make people feel good for a minute, but which are of very little permanent value. Nobody denies but that it is good for any of us to both receive and give gifts of this kind this once. But when we keep that up all year long, it is expensive and exasperating.

We find all sorts of schemes for increasingsales

For instance, a man came to us the other day with a beautiful plan. His leading question was: "Don't you want the people to take out insurance for you?" Our reply, even without thinking was "Yes." We would just love for hundreds of our friends, particularly the older ones, to put us down for a thousand or ten thousand or a hundred thousand life insurance; to send us the policy, and each year the receipts. It would just be fine and we would try not to be unduly elated when one of these friends died.

Now, this man talking to us, enlarged on this thing, and got our enthusiasm to a fever heat. We could just visualize the future of the Orphanage—possibly when we had passed out and succeeding managements would be struggling with finances— and we just warmed up to this young man. We went further and futher into the plan.

As the plan developed, however, it turned out this way: That we were expected to round up the prospects of able willing Presbyterians , and induce them to take out Life Insurance, and this young man would be ready with a fountain pen to take their signature, "on the dotted line" In other words, the Orphanage would be used as the agency for this splendid young man to write a big volume of life insurance. And when we cooled down enough to see the thing in its true light, we were no longer enthusiastic.

We love to have insurance made out in favor of the Orphanage, but we can not see the Orphanage in the roll of solicitor for this.

Another thing; the Soap Wrappers. There has been pressure put on to us from a number of sources to start a campaign for the collection of soap wrappers to get us out of all of our difficulties. They will buy refrigerators, silver, automobiles, false teeth, and coffins! And with the amount of clothes there are to wash, and faces to wash, there must be an enormous number of soap coupons around over the country.

The difficulty in this whole business—or one of the difficulties—is that there is more than one kind of soap, and we question the advisability of using the orphanage as an advertising agency for just one sort of soap, in order to make a campaign for their coupons.

There are just hundreds of ways that come up repeatedly to divert money from the Orphanage into other things, and we get splendid gifts lots of times that we do not particularly need, and we cannot dispose of those gifts for anything like the money that has been put into hem.

Now, our situation in regard to money is just this: We are trying desperately to cut down our expenditures. We are reorganizing our working force so that fewer teachers will crary on the scrool work, and fewer matrons carry on the orphanage work. There will no doubt be re-adjustments in salaries. We are trying to stretch every dollar to make it do tricks— and bring home "two dollars worth of bacon". We do not want even a suspicion of extravagance anywhere in our work; and that is why we are warning our friends everywhere, that whenever the impulse or suggestion comes to you to buy something and send to us, do not obey the impulse: Just send that check to us. We need it so desperately more than we need anything that you might buy for us.

You might accidently hit on the very thing that we would spend that money for; but just figure out for yourself what the chances are for that to happen. Two people might get in a ten-acre field with guns in their hands. You could blind-fold them and spin them around and let them shoot. The bullets from their guns might accidently meet, but the chances are they woudn't; and that's a good deal like your chances to it on the things that we need most of all, as against sending us the money and allowing us to use our own judgement as to when and what to buy.

Synod

SYNODS, June 23—How is everybody getting along these hot days? The swimming pool certainly feels good to us.

We have been getting good peaches at the cottages, and plenty of them too.

Miss Steele said she was surprised last night when she came home and started to put her car in the garage and found that it had been burned while she had been gone. It was a pretty big fire as there was a lot of gas burned. We were sorry that the home truck was burned too.

We are busy in our work shop now. We are making good use of the tools that Mr. Culbreth gave us. We have a saw, plane, hammar, screw driver, and a pair of pliers. Baxter McKenzie helps us and we think he is a good carpenter.

We will close for this time.

"The Forty Wiggles"

——P. O. H.——

Rastus—"Say, Mose, was yo' ebba on de firin' line?"

Mose—"Yas, suh, Rastus! One day de boss stood us all in a line, an' I was de fust one fired."

Is It Right

Is it right for me to take en expensive vacation and charge my lack of funds to "hard times?"

Is it right for me to let the church suffer because I spent too much money on my vacation?

Is it right for me to buy the usual amount of gasoline for pleasure riding and cut my payment to the church budget?

Is it right for me to neglect my church pledge while I "catch up" on other obligations?

Is it right for me to declare "hard times" and "depression" while my income is unchanged?

Is it right for me to begin "cutting expenses by decreasing my gifts to the Lord's work?

Is it right for me to "take out" on giving for the Sunday I am absent from the church? Do two wrongs make a right?

Is it right for me not to tithe?

Is it right for me to say I tithe without placing the tithe in the Lord's storehouse, the church?

Is it right for me to do less than my best for the Lord?

Is it right for me? Is it right for my church? —Anon.

BARIUM MESSENGER

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JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON, *Editor*

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"I give and bequeath to the REGENTS OF THE ORPHAN'S HOME of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina, Incorporated under the laws of the State of North Carolina, (here name the bequest.)

VOL. VIII. BARIUM SPRINGS, N. C., JULY, 1931. No. 10

THE MAN WHO QUITS

The man who quits has a brain and hand
As good as the next, but he lacks the sand
That would make him stick with a courage stout
To whatever he tackles, to fight it out.

The man who fails has himself to blame.
If he wastes his chances and misses his aim;
He'd win if he'd use his hands and wits—
The man who fails is the man who quits.

—Chas. B. Barrett in Rays of Sunshine

Hard Times Continue—BUT

Commencement is over, twenty-two youngsters have graduated from Barium, and also twenty-two are still desperately looking for work; and really mean it. Jobs seem so scarce that by the time this graduating class does land work, they are going to hang on to that first job so hard that it may be their last one. They may hold on to it until they die of old age!

The money receipts seem to indicate that hard times are still with us. They are nothing to brag about.

Applications still come along at the same old rate, but with not quite the insistence that we have in the winter. People can live cheaper in the summer time than they can in the winter, and unemployment does not bring such acute suffering as when the weather is cold.

When we get our minds off of hard times for a little bit and commence to look about us, there some things to be really cheerful about. Our truck farm has been producing so well this spring that we have even had an over abundance of certain articles. We have been able to sell lettuce, and have cabbage, onions, pie plant, beets, potatoes, peas, and every thing of that nature in abundance for our table.

And we needn't worry about the price that these things bring wholesale because they taste just as good as if they brought a thousand dollars a truck load. And they do us just as much good.

We have just finished eating strawberries to our hearts content. And now the peach trees are commencing to give promise of early returns. In fact, before you read these lines, peaches will be a daily article of diet. And my! How we like 'em!

We have just lots of milk to drink. But a cow, to give milk, must eat. And one of these articles of diet that the cow must have in abundance is hay.

Now, strange to say, hay is almost the only farm product that has held its own during the general slump. There has not been an over production of hay. The price of good, clear alfalfa still sticks up around thirty dollars a ton.

Now, whenever we get to thinking too much about the shortage of money, we just stop and go to thinking about alfalfa. For our first cutting yielded 140 tons.

This together with the first cutting of clover, runs us up to nearly Five Thoysand Dollars worth of good, hay—an article that we would have to buy if our fields did not yield so bountifully.

At this writing, our barns are nearly half full, and with the next three cuttings of alfalfa, they should be entirely full for the winter. Ten Thousand Dollars worth of hay! That sounds like a lot; but before the winter is over, that will be transformed into Twenty Thousand Dollars worth of milk, and about Twenty Thousand pounds of good beef; and all the milk and all the beef will, by another process, be transformed into three hundred and sixty growing boys and girls.

The land that looked so rough last winter, when it was in process of being cleared, has a real civilized apperance now, and the corn on it is growing nicely. The land that was "Stumped" with so much effort last winter, looks especially fine, and now we can look through this corn which already commences to show promises of good returns, to the eighty or more hogs that this corn will fatten this fall, and visvalize many a good hot supper of grits and sausage!

And it does not make any particular difference to us what the price of corn may be, or the price of sausage, it will taste just as good to us, as though it cost a dollor a pound, or ten cents a pound. If we can just keep our minds off those things.

We wish we could take our friends, over all the enterprises at Barium Springs, so they might see how much is produced here towards our own living. To feedour herd of 110 head of milk and beef cattle, it takes over 300 tons of hay; and 225 tons of silage, besides quite a bit of grain. Then, at least fifty tons more of hay has to be raised for the mules, of which there are thirteen, eighty sheep, and seventy-five rabbitts. Don't laugh about these rabbitts, because they will eat as much hay as two cows! And that is about all they eat.

We have to raise at least three thousand bushels of corn to take care of corn bread, and feed for our mules and hogs. The amount of pork that we raise varies with the corn crop, and runs from twelve thousand pounds a year to twenty thousand pounds.

When it comes to fruit, we can eat ten bushels a day, and not even look bloated; and anything over that can be canned and used in the winter.

This year our peach crop looks as though it will be a bumper crop, with apples showing no promise whatever.

For vegetables, we raise some of everything you ever heard of and some that you never heard of, and manage to have something on the table even in the winter time, from the truck farm. It is hard to give the amounts on this, but the total runs up into sizeable figures.

When it comes to poultry, we do not begin to raise enough to supply us all that we would like to have. Still three hundred hens, and four or five hundred frying size chickens during the year, enables everyone to at least get a taste.

We usually slaughter twenty-five to thirty sheep during the year, and from fifty to seventy-five rabbitts. By the way, some of you may be wearing seal-skin coats made out of the skins of these rabbitts. We find a ready sale for their pelts.

This year, we are branching out into peanuts and, of course, have a big patch of watermellons & cantaloupes. You may buy some of these peanuts at a footbal game—who knows? We know they will taste better from having been raised at Barium.

The purpose of this editorial is to cheer you up and to cheer ourselves up. It is written in sight of the hedge of roses that lines our highway, and these roses are now in full bloom and are most beautiful.

It makes the campus look greener, and the shade cooler than ever before. We hope it will bring a note of cheer into what seems to be an unbroken record of hard times. We don't want it to make you feel too good, however, and get you to thinking that we can live entirely on the sight of roses and what we raise on the farm. Salaries have to be paid. We have to have an electric current. We have to use quite a bit of coal. The Insurance Companies just will not take vegetables as a payment on premiums; and in spite of our abundant yield of our various enterprises here, we do not have a whole lot of money yet.

The point is; that it is not a hopeless proposition; the Lord is smiling on us, and making us see that the business of running this great Institution is a partnership affair; and we human members of the partenership should not have any misgivings, with that knowledge in our minds.

ALL AWA'

I have heard of a poor weaver in Scotland who preached a brief sermon on three texts

1. "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." He said, "That's my sin awa'."

2. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? * * * ye are of more value than many sparrows." "Thats my cares awa'."

"We * * * shall be caught up together with them * * * to meet the Lord in the air." "That's myself awa'." —Christian.

DON'T WORRY

People, as well as seeds, get too crowded. One thing chokes out another in our lives, and too it is the best that gets choked out. We are living so fast, we have so much to do, so many interests. As some one, feeling the disadvantage of this hurry said, "I am in danger of being jostled out of my spirituality." It is a real danger. and one that threatens us all in our rushing life. Cares, worries, distractions, seems to grow in our hearts as naturally as weeds in a garden.

Some people think worries quite harmless, but Christ spoke very strongly against them as most potent for evil in our lives, in the way of crowding out the goods. He warned us strongly against all anxiety. He said plainly that it can add nothing to our stature, possessions or success, but instead does us harm and grieves our Heavenly Father, who all the while is caring for us. There are two things at least, about which we should never worry. First, the things we can't help. If we can't help them, worrying is certainly most foolish and useless. Secondly, the things we can help. If we can help them let us set about it, and not weaken our powers by worry. Pluck up the smallest roots of worry at their first appearance, or they will crowd out all beautiful things that ought to grow in our hearts.—Hallock.

WHAT IS LIFE TO YOU

To the preacher life's a sermon,
To the joker it's a jest
To the miser life is money,
To the loafer life is rest.

To the lawyer life's a trial,
To the poet life's a song
To the doctor life's a patient
That needs treatment right along.

To the soldier life's a battle,
To the teacher life's a school,
Life's a good thing to the grafter
But a failure to the fool.

To the man upon the engine
Life's a long and heavy grade,
'Tis a cheat to the gambler,
To the merchant life is trade.

Life's a picture to the artist
To the rascal life is fraud,
Life perhaps is just a burden,
To the man beneath the load.

Life is lovely to the lover
To the player life's a play
Life may be a load of trouble,
To the man upon the dray.

Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;
It's an overwhelming effort
To shun duty, to the shirk.

To the earnest Christian worker
Life's a story ever new,
Life is what you make of it,
Students! What is life to you?

—Ex.

— P. O. H. —

Alexander - Dairy

Alexander Cottage June 10 — Folks it's time to write the news again. It seems such a short time since we wrote it last, we must have been asleep.

Mrs. Privette had a wreck the other day and got the side of her car torn up. It is fixed now though.

School is out and everybody is glad to have a summer vacation. One of our boys, Brandon Glasgow, went home for the week end.

The strawberries are all gone. We certainly did enjoy them while they were here.

We have three boys to graduate from Davidson this year.

The swimming pool is open now and everybody is going in swimming.

We all went to the movies last night to see "Trader Horn."

Some of the boys are planning to start working their vacations this week and will start work Monday, June 15, that will be fine.

The ones who work a week of their vacation hope to go to Myrtle Beach and stay a week. We had such a good time last year.

The weather is fine these days. With the exception of Saturday when we had a large hail strom and the hail was as big as pedabers. Some of the boys made a fish pond and put some minnows in it, the storm washed away the fish and filled the pond with sand.

We have been fishing in the branch for minnows.

Everybody is playing tennis now. We have a court overat the Woman's Building, one at Mr. Lowrance's, and two at Mr. Johnston's.

CARMET SIGMON
P. O. H.

Lottie Walker
2nd FLOOR

Woman's Building, June 16—Whoopes! Swimming, hay rides picnics and every thing imaginable that is good means nothing but vacation, which is here at last. We know our teachers need it after these months of struggle to pull us through. We think we deserve it, especially the rising Sophs who despite the depressing prophesies of those higher up courageously pulled through our first year in high school.

No one from our floor has gone on a vacation, yet a lot will soon be leaving. It seems as if they all agreed to take vacation at the same time.

We are very proud of ourselves since we won the music medal this year again. Elsie Brown being the lucky girl. But it was hard work, rather than luck, which enabled her to win it. We have managed to capture it for several years in succession.

We are getting peaches now, and they surely are good to us. We don't know what we would do without our good ole peach orchards.

We are having dandy times playing croquet these evenings after supper. My, but we are grand players. Sometimes it takes only a half dozen plays to get through the first wicket. Our champs are Hattie Primm, Ruth Gordon, and Zora Lee.

Would you like to know the latest definition of a pig? "A pig is the son of a hog," said a little boy to his father, who had just called him a pig.

The news branch is checked up, so good-bye until a later date.

Note Of Thanks

We, the Senior Class of '31, Presbyterian Orphans' Home, wish to thank the Woman's Circle of Reidsville, and the Girl's Circle Salisbury, for the numerous graduating gifts they donated to each individual member of this Senior Class.

Honor And Merit Roll For Tenth Month

First Grade—Emma Eudy.

Second Grade—Hannah Elliott, Bertha McKee, Rex Lewis, Henry Pittman, Thelma Robards, Gertie Smith, Vittoria Salvaggio.

Fourth Grade—Miller Blue, Eugene Bosworth, Robert Brown, Nan Daniels, Phillippina Salvaggio, Joe Savage, Marie Weddington.

Fifth (A) Grade—Lucile Burney, Sarah Forte, Margaret Hendrix, Lugene White.

Sixth Grade—Georgia Burgin, Woodrow Clendenin, Irene Forte, William Kerr, Joe White, Louise Wilson.

Seventh Grade—Maude Inman, A. D. Potter, Miriam Sanders.

Eighth (A) Grade—Herbert Blue, Graham Long.

Eigth (B) Grade—Myrtle Johnston, Dorothy Thomas.

Ninth Grade—Ruth Shannon, Mildred Thomas

Tenth Grade—Robert Blue, Jimmie Johnston, Lucile Long, Ruth Morrow, Eula Lee Walton.

Eleventh Grade—Sam Bernardo, Ben Forte, Mary Alice Mott, Marguerite Todd, Louise Wilson.

Honor Roll

FOURTH GRADE

Alice Jones.
Charles O'Kelley.

FIFTH (A) GRADE

Lelia Johnston.

SEVENTH GRADE

T. L. O'Kelley, Jr.

EIGHTH (A) GRADE

Bruce Parcell.

NINTH GRADE

Lucile Beck.
Marian McCall.

ELEVENTH GRADE

Lorena Clark.
Alice Craig.

——P. O. H.——

Mitchell College To Get Endowment

Statesville, June 6.—announcement of three gifts to Mitchell college has been made by Mrs. W. B. Ramsay, president of the college. These were: An endowed scholarship, in the sum of $5,000 which is being established at the college by Miss Catherine Hanes, of Winston-Salem, in memory of her aunt, who bore the same name, and was educated at Mitchell college; a gift of $2,000 which will be used to provide courses in chemistry in the college, given by Mrs. S. Clay Williams, of Winston-Salem, in honor of her mother, Mrs. J. E. Sherril, of Mooresville, an alumna of the institution; a gift of four lots in Statesville, from Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Carlton, the proceeds from the sale of these lots to be used for building a Gymnasium at the college, to be known as the Carlton-Walton gymnasium.

The alumnae dinner marking Mitchell college's diamond anniversary, was an occasion of unusual interest and was attended by more than 100 alumnae, trustees and former teachers.

— P. O. H. —

LITTLE THINGS

It takes a little muscle and it takes a little grit,
A little true ambition with a litle bit of wit
It's not the "biggest" things that count and make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that people do that makes the old world go.
A little bit of smiling and a little sunny chat,
A little bit of courage to a comrade slipping back;
It's not the "biggest" things that count and make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that people do that make the old world go.
It takes a kindly action and it takes a word of cheer
To fill a life with sunshine and to drive away a tear.
Great things are not the "biggest" things that make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that we may do that makes the old world go.

—Exchange.

— P. O. H. —

Miss James (Trying to explain parallels): "Now, Dewitt, what are two straight lines side by side, spaced even?"

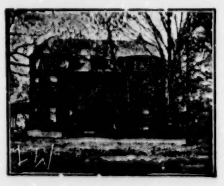
Dewitt: "Parking spaces."

Support

S. S. Rocky Mount 1st.	12.30
Lenoir Church, A Friend	20.00
Rogers Mem. Aux.	6.00
S. S. Front St.	9.28
St. Pauls S. S., Charlotte	20.60
Little Girls B. Day Box Patterson S. S.	2.50
Aux. Greensboro 1st.	19.00
S. S. Sanford	17.19
S. S. Delgado	5.00
1st. Church Fayetteville	60.00
S. S. Vass	6.81
Men's B. C. Rocky Mount 1st. S. S.	11.35
Aux. Circle1-2, Cramerton	6.00
Lydia B. C. Westminster S. S. Charlotte	5.00
S. S. Godwin	2.00
Wilmington 1st. Church	45.10
S. S. Covenant, Greensboro	12.97
Aux. Circles 1-2-3 Durham 1st.	12.00
Mocksville S. S.	7.82
Aux. Hillsboro	6.00
Aux. Lenoir	5.00
Aux. Covenant Greensboro	9.00
Men's B. C. Greensboro 1st.	45.40
West End S. S.	5.12
Williard S. S.	2.55
Moment Class, Raleigh 1st S. S.	13.50
Bethel S. S., Davidson	2.50
Aux. Smithfield	4.00
Aux. West Raleigh	2.50
S. S. Marion 1st.	5.00
Flat Branch S. S.	6.33
Aux. Rosemary	10.00
S. S. Fayetteville 1st.	6.28
Aux. Lake Waccamaw	10.00
Aux. Pittsboro	2.00
S. S. Church in the Pines	4.06
Lumber Bridge S. S.	3.40
Wm and Mary Hart S. S.	3.00
Men's B. C. Cramerton	16.66
Aux. Gastonia 1st.	16.00
Bethpage Church	4.45
Elmwood Church	.37
Hickory 1st. Church	13.08
Kannapolis Church	5.01
McDowells Church	.15
2nd. Church, Mooresville	13.52
Salisbury 1st. Church	54.13
Shiloh Church	1.43
Thyatira Church	14.80
Unity Church	2.85
Mrs. Wm. Horne's S. S. Class Wilson 1st.	4.00
Southport S. S.	5.00
Southport S. S.	5.00
Southport S. S.	5.00
Laurinburg S. S.	27.79
Ellenboro S. S.	2.97
Shiloh S. S. Sanatorium	3.43
Howard Mem. S. S.	5.99
St. Andrews Church Wilmington	39.00
Elise S. S.	1.50
Albemarle 1st. Church	17.32
Aux. Circle 6, Alamance	3.00
Maxton 1st. S. S.	11.47
Daidson Church	22.50
D. V. B. S., Pittsbroo	1.50

— P. O. H. —

Annie Louise



ANNIE LOUISE, June 15—We are hoping everyone is feeling as good as we are.

We surely did enjoy the Chautauqua the first of the month and thank the people who made it possible for us to go.

The Edwin Gould Foundation of New York sent us the cutest doll house. Several of us can get in it at one time. It has a porch with benches on it, and and even curtins and shades. We have a grand time playing house in it. All of us thank the Foundation for it.

We had chicken for dinner the other day and Vittoria got a drumstick. She turned to Phillippina and said, "Pina, is this what they make drumsticks out of?"

One of our big girls, Sylvia Brown, has gone to the Davidson Young Peoples Conference. We miss her very much, but we know she is having a nice time.

Lucille Johnston and Alma Delane are on their vacation now. Others expect to go soon.

We are having our first peaches now and they sure are good.

Hope everyone has a nice vacation.

—"The Babblers"

——P. O. H.——

Miscel. Support

A Fayetteville Friend	6.00
F. P. Tate, Morganton	6.00
Dr. Wilbert Jackson, Clinton	8.33
Miss Leona Kelly, Elon College	5.00
Carl R. Prichett, Y. M. C. A. Davidson	10.00
Addie Webb, Raleigh	5.00
Rev. Lewis Collins, Durham	10.00
Peace Students Christian Association	40.00
C. C. Alexander, Charlotte	25.00
A Friend	50.00
O. J. Thies, Jr., Davidson	5.00

——P. O. H.——

Aunt Jemima: "Say, dere chile, yo' all take dat dere key out o' yo' mouf, do yo" all wanta git lock-jaw?"

THE RISING SENIOR CLASS OF 1932

THIS IS THE CLASS THAT OUR SCHOOL WILL HEAD UP IN NEXT YEAR. THEY WILL LOOK MORE DIGNIFIED THEN.

SULPHUR SPRING, LONG EXTINCT AT BARIUM, SPOUTING AGAIN

Farm Boys Develop a New Vein of Water—Old Lodge Place Undergoing Many Changes—Other Activities of the Farm Group.

FARM, June 15—We, the farmers are very proud of the priviledge of writing about our work during the past month. We feel like we deserve a good rest since we have caught up in our work and it won't be long before most of the boys will get their rest because vacation time is just around the corner.

An old sulphur spring has been recovered down at the spring and it is hoped that the water will do Mr. Cavin, our boss, and others some good.

It seems that all our necessary work comes at one time, that is it's the way it seems to all the boys. I don't know about the boss. Most of our summer's work will be ready for us in a week or two. Such as reaping and threshing wheat, mowing alfalfa and hoeing corn.

Our wheat crop seems to be the finest one we have ever had and we are hoping to get more bushels to the acre than ever before. The alfalfa is growing mighty fast two.

The boys always enjoy reaping the wheat because there are a great many rabbits to chase.

The work we have been doing on the old spring has made the old place look more fit for picnics. It will soon look like it did when built except for the old lodge. I don't suppose they will build it back. There is a good road leading down to the spring now and the traffis is increasing already

We are out of jobs at the present but we can still rely on the new ground for work.

Our clover fields have given over a hundred tons of hay but the cows and mules will gobble that down in a short time.

We will sign off now hoping to have more news next month.

—P. P.

—P. O. H.—

Peaches Coming Up

Ripe, luscious, blushing peaches (the kind that grows on trees) help make up the cuisine of each day at Barium now. From all indication there will be a bountiful crop of peaches—and my! how we like to smash one of those juicy ones.

Case Of Mumps

Miss Eugenia Patterson, member of the faculty and supply nurse at the Infirmary has been indisposed with mumps during the last month. She is now able to be out again.

Goes To Conneticutt

Julian West, a graduate of the class of '30, and who has just finished Freshman year at Davidson, left the 16th for Conneticutt.

He will work in a summer camp there for the rest of the summer.

——P. O. H.——

Sign in Chicago Eating House: "Not responsible for lives lost in this restaurant."

EXCHANGES *and* Wheezes

A son of Erin, who met with an accident, was conveyed to a hospital, where it was ound that his only injury was a slight wound.

The house surgeon carefully examined him; after which he thus stated the the case.

"As subcutanceos abrasion is not observable, I think there is a little reason ot apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound. What do you think yourself," he asked Pat.

"Sure, doctor," replied Pat, "you're a wonderful thought reader. You took the words right out of my mouth."

Tney put up a monument in Vienna over the grave of the man who invented the postcard, and we do hope that his career was of the kind that would justify the inscription: "Having a Fine Time. Wish you were here."—Ex.

Mrs. Sapheddle: "I can't understand why mothers don't see the faults in their own children."

Mrs. Caustipue: "And do you think you can?"

Mrs. Sapheddle: "W-why, I could in a minute—if my children had any."

Overweight Woman: "Doctor, what will I do to reduce?"

Doctor: "Take the proper kind of exercise."

Overweight Woman: "What kind of exercise would you recommend?"

Doctor: "Push yourself away from the table three times a day."—Ex.

A farmer was passing the insane asylum with a load of fertilizer. An inmate stopped the farmer and inquired: "What are you hauling?" "Fertilizer" replied the farmer. "What you going to do with it?" Put it on my strawberries," replied the farmer. The inmate countered quickly. "We put sugar on ours and they say we are crazy."

Senior: "Don't you know who I am?"

Freshmen: "No—don't you?"

Miss Fitch: "John, give a more elegant rendering of the sentence —'The sap rises'."

John Coxe: "The boob gets out of bed."

Miss Tabor: " Erdie, what are the two genders?"

Edrie Blackwelder: "Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and the feminine into frigid."

"How did you get that black eye, Mrs. Higgins?"

"Well, me 'usband came out of prison on 'is birthday."

"Yes."

"And I wished 'im many 'appy returns."

Alumni Column Continues Sick Due To Depression

To the Alumni Alumnae of P. O. H. we would like to refer this:

Since the year of 1891 there has been a class graduating at Barium every year. We want information for this column of any and all, married or single, year graduated at Barium, location and vocation and if we have this information, we will in turn furnish you the Barium Messenger to all who do not get copies regularly.

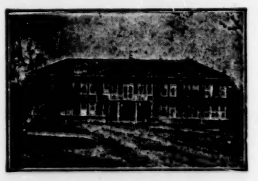
To establish the "Alumni Column" in Barium Messenger, we would say that we have already burst several suspender buttons off and pulled our hair out.

We like to call" a spade a spade" but we don't believe these folks are a bunch of Jakes—and we now call this to your attention about the steenth time.

We have treated this so as to catch up with your whereabouts. We know the depression has hit some folks, but we hope it hasn't affected you with writer's cramp.

And we might also state that we do not carry on a mail-order business, and have nothing to sell.

Infirmary



Infirmary, June 15—Green apples and peaches certainly do not agree with some people. We have twelve at present time suffering from "applicitus" and "peachlicitus."

We know Miss Moore is enjoying her trip now. We miss her lots. Miss Patterson is with us and we like her well.

We miss Mrs. Lackey lots but Miss Copeland is doing well with the cooking department so well we are all O. K. even if our family is somewhat scattered.

Gladys Duke went home Friday was a week ago. She is now living at East Durham, N. C.

We all enjoyed the Chautauuqua very much this year. All the plays and other features we saw were grand.

We were very glad to have Miss Leone Kelly from Elon College with us for a few days. Miss Kelly lived with us before she went to Elon Orphanage.

Many of the children are away on their vacation now and the campus has already began to look gloomy.

As we are unusually busy at the present time, for the first time in a long time we will sign off hopping that you will forgive such a short program.

Service

It is a dwarfed or soul-crippled person who measures all values in terms of how they suit his convenience or his pleasure. The gunman who ruthlessly shoots down any one who stands between him and his plan, no matter how selfish or unimportant it is, is an egotist of the first water. The matron of exclusive social status who had rather be spending a life in complete obedience to the unwritten mandates of artificial convention than in helping to make the world a better place, is an egotist of another kind. All those who ever vision themselves as the center of all things and relate their activities on the assumption that Self is the only thing that must be considered are no less anarchistic than many of the wretches hunted down by the police.

Now the number of assassins and rogues is much smaller than the number of people who do not live by crime. Few men or women who have drifted into evil ways are without some better traits. Most of the bad people have their better moments and see things a little straighter than at other times. Only a very small number of the worst in the social scale fail to realize that there is such a thing as good and that good is to be desired over that which does not conform to it.

No person with intelligence of high-school grade fails to understand that the whole of existence is contingent on the subordination of the petty and selfish to the highest interest of all. The average person you meet would be indignant should you accuse him of being too much absorbed in self. Immediately he would tell you of his benefactions, of the progressive measures he stands for, of his dislike of all oppressions of the weak.

All of us acknowledge Service. We look down on the person who declines to be of service when the opportunity presents itself. But do we not sometimes dispise the little opportunities for service? Do we not too often look for some form of service that will get us talked about and have our vanity tickled?

Real heroes do perform service of heroic quality on occasion, but such instances are exceedingly rare. The sum total of little services performed infinitely overbalances the sum total of services that pin medals on the chest and put bold, black type on the front page of newspapers. One may not have in the average lifetime a chance to perform outstanding service, whereas everyone has from day to day, from week to week, from year to year, many openings for such service as the world needs.

It may be entered as of record and taken as a guiding fact that one who too well remembers himself in the search for distinguished service that will set him over other men, wastes his life playing about the fleshpots, while the person who is so occupied with the desire to serve others that selfish thoughts are crowded out, will find a harvest of good things to be done,—and will do them.—(Oxford Orphanage Friend.)

——P. O. H.——

Jennie Gilmer

JENNIE GILMER, June 28—We wonder if the weather is as hot other places as it is here. The boys sweat through overalls and pants out at work in the field.

The farm boys are threshing wheat and they expect to get a thousand or more bushels. The stacks are going around the barn and the tractor runs steadily all day.

We are getting peaches now and they certainly help out a weak meal or Sunday night supper. The apples are getting ripe too.

Last Friday the new Red Poll bull jumped the fence and started for home, which is near Stuart Va.. The dairy boys chased him for a mile or two toward Statesville and when he was finally headed off he started in the other direction. Back on the campus other boys joined the chase and after much chasing and nearly scaring the girls who were in swimming, to death, he was surrounded and driven into a barn.

Tennis is in vogue now and the courts are crowded every night after supper, except when most of the boys go to town to see the show.

We haven't had any rain now for weeks and a rain would certainly feel good. It would help the crops too.

A convict digging down a bank on the road between here and Statesville was killed last week when the bank caved in on him.

The number of boys in Jennie Gilmer are diminishing as more boys go on their vacation and occasionally one goes to stay.

This place is always dull in the summer time so there's no more news.

— P. O. H. —

"Neighbor, your windmill screeches."

"I might make some remark about your daughter's singing voice."

"I know, but be a good fellow and oil the windmill. I'd oil the voice if I could."

POOR BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS

Charles Dickens was a lable-sticker in a shoe-blacking factory.

Michael Faraday, the famous chemist and physicist, was a journeyman bookbinder, the son of a blacksmith.

Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer, the son of a tallow-chandler.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, whom Italians revere as their liberator, was the son of a sailor, and was at various times a candle maker and a small farmer.

Ben Jonson, on whose grave in Westminister Abbey is the famous inscription. "O rare Ben Jonson," was a poor boy, the stepson of a bricklayer.

Thomas Moore, author of the "Irish Melodies," was the son of a country grocer.

Napoleon was a penniless second lieutenant in 1785, and in 1804 he was crowned an emperor.

William Shakespeare was the son of a glover in a little country town; both his grandfathers were husbandmen.

George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was the son of a fireman at colliery; he began life as his father's helper.

Trajan, perhaps the greatest of all Rome's emperors, was the son of a common soldier, and began his career in the ranks.

Virgil, whose "Aeneid" is the typical Latin epic, was the son of a small farmer.

James Watt, the inventor of the condensing steam engine, was the son of a small merchant, who failed in business.

Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the cotton spinning frame, was a barber.

John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress," was a traveling tinker.

Robert Burns, Scotland's lyric poet, was the son of a poor nurseryman, and was himself a small farmer and a revenue officer.

Aesop and Homer, the most famous of the early Greek writers, were respectively, if the stories told of them are true, a hunchback slave and blind beggar.

Christopher Columbus, discoverer of the New World, was a sailor, the son of a woolcomber.

Capt. James Cook, the famous English navigator, was the son of a farm laborer.

Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Cruisoe," was the son of a butcher.

Edmund Kean, the celebrated tragedian, was the son of a stage carpenter.

John Keats, author of "Endymion," was the son of a hostler.

First Hearing Of Miss Moore's Trip

Letter Written 1200 Miles At Sea---565 Make Up Party

(On Board R. M. S. "Carmania" Fourth day out, 1200 miles from home.)

Saturday, June 13—Dear Messenger: It is almost two weeks since I left home, but from the looks of the ocean, "much water has flowed under the bridge." My first week was spent with relatives in Pennsyvania where I was supposed to fast, but instead of a feast of reason and a flow of the soul it was a feast of good things and a flow of Irish wit.

But before that I had a most delightful trip from home to Pennsylvania. All the bus lines are comfortable, but I have never found one to equal the one that runs between Roanoke and Chambersburg, Pa., for service, comfort, scenery, and historical interest.

The night at Winchester was a restful one and you get more for your money there than any hotel I was ever in.

A pleasant day was spent in New York, and at 8 P. M., we boarded the vessel.

The "Carmania" is the third largest boat of the Cunard Line we have been told. On this trip there are 565 passengers and 500 in the crew. They have no freight which causes the boat to roll more than it otherwise would.

We have on board thirty one of our party, The Travel Institute of Bible Research. Dr. McMurry, the head of the party, from Atlanta, with his bride, who was Miss Helen Johnston, of Winston-Salem.; Dr. Bates of Clifton Forge, Va., who at one time was pastor at Mt. Airy, and a friend of the Home; Dr. Nabors, of High Point is representing the Rotarians of that city; Dr. Gabbert of Chattanooga, is doing Europe as well as the Holy Land, has a son at McCally, who he said knew J. D. Lackey well.

There are three of us in the cabin which means two have to sit very quiet if the other one wants to walk about. A Mrs. Nichols from Texas, and Miss Shank, an old friend of many years, from Berkeley, Calif.

We have very good meals, but served so differently from what we do.

I was asked this morning if I had a servette, and, not knowing what else to say I said "no" and the waiter brought me a napkin.

Our oatmeal is served in soup plates with soup spoons to eat with. Out of the nine pieces of silver at our plates each meal there is not a teaspoon, the pies are tarts, "the pots of jam," pickles, and all relishes are always on a side table.

There are no small individual dishes; the waiter brings everything in a large dish and helps you. Tomatoes and lettuce are served at lunch and dinner, no other salad, and that without dressing. There are two sittings at the table, and we asked for the second, but as we came aboard early we were obliged to take first. Yesterday we were late, and were told that we would have to wait until the second table had eaten; then relented and said we could, but we were told that just before we came in, they had sent two away after their breakfast was served.

Every night and afternoon there is dancing and bridge, and all day long different kinds of games on the deck.

At 10 A. M. crackers and "broth" are served and in the afternoon tea and cakes.

When I came aboard I wonderde how I could stand seven days and see nothing but water, and after four days I am sorry only three more days are before me.

Yesterday was Sunday and began in rather a dramatic way. I was dreaming I had some wood to build a fire and the Synod boys and I were to have a picnic near the depot, when I heard an awful fall. Jumping up I found Miss Shank had fallen from the upper berth. For a time we feared she would not be able to continue her journey, but today is much improved.

At 10 A. M. Dr. DuBose of Spartanburg, S. C., preached an excellent sermon on "Love." At 3 P. M., Rev. Phil Sherden gave the message on "Service," and in the evening Dr. Nabors of High Point, gave another splendid sermon on "Christianity."

Just after lunch we heard that the Submarine Nautilus was disabled and we were going to the rescue. After much watching she came in about 9:30 P. M., with a body guard of the Ohio and Wyoming. The trouble was a very small one and she was soon on her way.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Miss Una Moore nurse of the Home's Infirmary is on a trip to the Holy Land, and this is the first letter of her trip since leaving June 10th.

— P. O. H. —

Gifts

Statesville, Mrs. Logan Stimpson, 12 glasses jelly.

Salisbury, Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Hatch, 27 books for Library.

Greensboro, Mrs. M. E. Houston, flower seed.

Davidson, Mr. Jas. Johnston, Donation of cherries.

Winston-Salem, Waughtown S. S. Class 9, one quilt.

Belmont, Jr. Daily Vacation Bible School, one quilt.

North Wilkesboro, Vacation Bible School, Scrap books, bibs & wash clothes.

Belmont, Hatch-Full Fashioned Co., Donation hose.

Mt. Airy, Auxiliary, Donation of sugar.

Burlington, First Church Auxiliary & Vacation Bible School, towels, pillow cases & scarfs.

——P. O. H.——

A country minster in a certain locality took leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner:

"Brothers and sisters, I come to say farewell. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I dont think that you love each other because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits, ye shall know them.'

"Brothers, I am going away from you to a better place. I have been called to be chaplin in the penitentiary. 'Where I go ye cannot come,' but 'I go to prepare a place for you' and 'may the Lord have mercy on your souls.' Goodbye."

—P. O. H.—

Recently an elderly German Woman who had lived in New York for several years and spoke English well but still retained the German accent, went into a bank to cash a check made payable to herself—Augusta H. Schmidt—but which was endorsed "Augusta Schmidt." The teller noticed the missing initial. You have forgotten the "H", he said as he handed the check back to her for correction. "Ach yes," she murmured apologetically as she took up the pen and wrote beneath the signature, "age 62."—Ex.

Clothing Money

Aux. Red Springs	50.00
Mrs. J. K. Glasgow, Black Mt.	22.50
Aux. Durham 1st.	25.00
Class 1 Caldwell Mem. S. S.	3.00
Aux. St. Andrews	37.50
Minnie Hall B. C. Belmont 1st. S. S.	22.50
Aux. Circle 6, Alamance By Mrs. W. A. Sharpe	5.00
Aux. Prospect	10.27
Aux. Greenville	22.00
Aux. Lumberton	45.00
Aux. Circle Salisbury 1st.	2.50
Aux. Pinetops	17.25
Business G. Circle Rosemary	4.00
Morganton S. S.	22.50
Aux. Westminster, Whiteville	3.00
Aux. Dallas	22.50
Aux. Mt. Olive	23.00
Spencer B. C., Charlotte 2nd. S. S.	15.00
Aux. Gulf	1.50
Aux. Spray	6.00
Aux. Jackson Springs	15.00
Aux. Providence	3.50
Beg. Dept. Washington 1st S. S.	12.59
Providence Church	2.00
Aux. Wadesboro	20.00
TOTAL	$413.11

—P. O. H.—

Clothing Boxes

Charlotte, Class 1 A, Caldwell Memorial Church, one box.

Whiteville, Westminster Aux. one box.

Clayton, Oakland Aux, one box.

Salisbury, Circle 8, First Churh one box.

High Point, Mrs. George Stephens, one box.

Gulf, Auxiliary, one box.

Angier, Providence Church, one box.

——P. O. H.——

Support

Glenwood Church	**4.00**
Kings Mt. Church	**18.07**
Lexington Church	**15.00**
W's. B. C. Waughtown	**1.50**
Durham 1st Church	**29.85**
Brotherhood B. C. Salisbury 1st.	50.00
S. S. Durham 1st.	15.00
S. S. Bethesda	13.91
S. S. Manchester Covenant	2.59
Warrenton S. S.	2.40
Aux. Rocky Mt. 1st	20.00
Aux. Pearsall Mem.	1.50
Aux. Belmont	16.00
Aux. Wilson 1st.	39.35
Cooleemee S. S.	6.00
Carkton S. S.	7.10
Sharaon S. S.	9.10
Aux. Washington 1st.	11.00
Aux. Rocky Mt. 1st	22.00
Aux. Howard Mem.	6.00
Aux. New Bern 1st.	12.00
Aux. Little Joe's Church, by Mr. & Mrs. H. L. Thomas	20.00
Raeford S. S.	10.00
Anderson S. S.	1.15
Men's B. C. Westminster S. S. Charlotte	9.50
Aux. Shelby	3.85
Aux. Raleigh 1st	9.00
Aux. Westminster, Greensboro	12.00
Union Mills S. S.	2.30
Aux. West Avenue	4.00
Aux. Mt. Pisgah	1.00
Aux. High Point 1st	8.00
Aux. Charlotte 1st.	22.50
Aux. Rocky Mt. 1st.	10.00
Children's Day Offering, Monroe S. S.	3.71
Brittain Church	6.78
Columbus Church	.90
Lowell Covenant Church	6.76
Belmont S. S.	25.92
Cramerton Church	3.75
Cramerton Aux.	2.42
Duncan's Creek Church	2.25
Union Church	6.19
Long Creek S. S.	1.91
Cornelius S. S.	6.00
Jennie K. Hill's B. C. Rocky Mt. 1st. S. S.	5.00
S. S. Washington 1st.	8.00
Aux. Lowell Covenant	1.00
Winston-Salem 1st. Church	150.00
Monroe S. S.	11.83
S. S. Concord 1st.	115.83
N. Wikesboro D. V. B. S.	12.32
Union S. S.	5.83
Rowland S. S.	7.25
Grove S. S.	3.52
Aux. Westminster Charlotte	25.00
S. S. Wilson 1st.	13.92
S. S. Concord 1st.	5.00
Aux. Thyatira	1.00
Kinston Church	3.53
Hollywood Church	.07
Washington 1st. Church	3.00
Parmele 1st. Church	.75
Mitchiner Mem. Church	.68
Fountain Church	.60
Williamston Church	1.87
Wm. & Mary Hart Chapel	.67
TOTAL	$1,596.41

Miscel. Support

Mrs. E. B. Stanford, Teer	10.00
Clara Knox, Green Park	100.00
TOTAL	$311.38

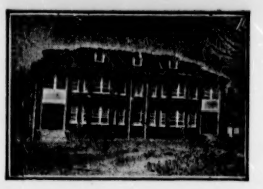
P. O. H.

Marion—You must be fond of automobiles.

He—What makes you think that?

Marion—I heard you had a truck farm.

Baby Cottage



Baby Cottage, June 17—School is out, summer is here and we have noing to do but play and play. We are going in swimming today for the first time this year and are going to wear our new bathing suits that friends have given us. We are proud of our pretty suits and appreciate them very much.

Some of us are at the Infirmary sick. We hope they will soon be well and return to us again.

Russel Delane has gone on his vacation to Fayetteville and Mable and William Billings have gone to Stony Point. Although we hope they are having a good time, we wish they could hurry back to us because we miss them lots.

We are expecting Ruth Shannon and Helen Dry, two of our big girls back from the Davidson Conference today. We know they have enjoyed it.

Miss Miller went home for a short visit and when she returned she brought her sister, Miss Margaret back with her. We enjoyed her visit almost as much as Miss Miller herself, and hope she can come again.

We enjoyed having the Womans Auxiliary meet here last night and the Virginia Hall Mission Band gave a Pageant.

Mama Girt had a visit from her son Murphy and together they went to Hampden-Sidney to bring John, her other son home when his college was out.

We missed Mama Girt again while she was matron at the Infirmary for a few days.

We had a picnic at the spring one night last week and want to thank Mr. Lowrance for letting us have the truck.

——P. O. H.——

ASK ME ANOTHER

Some of the "ask me another" question lists now current carry informing answers, while many of them are extremely trivial and merely tended to clutter up the mind with useless facts.

A writer in Boston Transcrip has dug up a list of old-time questions, showing the trend of inquiry in the Middle Ages. Here are a few:

"Why did God not will that a man should be hungry only once a week? Answer: Hunger is a punishment for Adam's sin.

What makes beasts mad? Answer: Looking at a certain star on the 21 day of the March moon.

"Why did Noah bring serpents into the ark? Answer: In obedience to God, who having created them for his glory, did not wish them destroyed.

"What language does a deaf-mute understand in his heart? Answer: Adam's therefore Hebrew. A child brought up without being taught any language would speak Hebrew spontaneously.

"If my parents had not existed, how should I have been born? Answer: The number of living things are foreseen from all eternity, hence you would have been born from other parents.

"When God made Adam, how old was he? (No nswer:).

"Will idiots be damned? (No answer).

While the propounders of the questions appeared to claim an unusual insight into the workings of the Almighty, they hesitated to venture answers to the last two. We, too, would hesitate to answer them, although we have heard people refer to that kind of idiots.

— P. O. H. —

Child: "Look at the funny man across the road."

Pa.: "What's he doing?"

Child: "Sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin."

Teacher: "If you subtract fourteen from a hundred sixteen, what's the differance?"

Johnny: "Yeah; I think it's a lot of foolishness, too."

To Jewish ex-service man an acquaintance remarked: "So you were in the army, Ikey?"

"Oh, I vas in the army," was the proud reponse.

"Did you get a commision"

"No, only my vages"

He had just arrived from the country and was not familiar with the use of a telephone, so he took down the receiver and demanded: "Aye vant to talk to my vife."

The operator's voice came back sweetly: "Number please."

"Oh," he replied, "she ban my second von"